

P O E M

Made on the Lady's HATTs, &c. By Mr. E. R.

**I**mmortal Gods, shall Woman still Invaide,  
 That Right which God gave Man, when he was Made,  
 Man like his God was Made, Impower'd to Rule  
 All Creatures, Woman to ride too, like his Mule.  
 The Crafty Femeal full of Inward Pride,  
 Tho' made for Man, as other Beasts, to ride  
 Tempts Man her Lord, ( like the most cunning Brute,  
 Her Sister Serpent, ) gives poor Man the Fruit,  
 By that sole Act, she made her Lord a Slave,  
 She Tempts him still, nay, Tempts him in his Grave,  
 And he good Man, did often bear her Yoak,  
 She rides her Rider, in a modest Joake,  
 Lo! fair Tole, her Hercules do Ride,  
 About his Middle, her supple Leggs do stride,  
 For now she got a Bullwark to Defend,  
 That very place, which soonest she wou'd Lend.  
 That very Piece which Man Clames as his own,  
 She fenc'd in Wood, he must let that alone,  
 And there lyes Grunting, like a foaming Bear,  
 Hoop'd in Wood, Wild, Ravenous, full of H—r.  
 Her Aspiring Thoughts, she cannot there Confine,  
 She snaps his Hatt, by G—d you shall be mine.  
 She Cryes, and then she puts it on,  
 And looks as dreadfull, as an *Amazon*.  
*Phenthesilea* at the *Trojan* War,  
 Whom *Achelles* slew with his Iron Barr,  
 Did not Appear, nay, half so stout in Arms,  
 As our Manly Females, void of all their Charm.  
 Thus Walks in State, in a Masculan Robe,  
 Damn'd her *Adam*, Robbs her Innocent *Job*,  
 Of all his Cash, his Horse, his Pistol, Watch,  
 His Wigg and Hatt, what ever she can Catch,  
 In the next Assembly they'll Vote for Boots and Spurrs,  
 To raise to Work, the sluggish Drones and Currs,  
 When the Husband's dull, or troubel'd with the Gout,  
 She'll Whip and Spurr, force him up to Mount,  
 Commands each Ass, that gives them their own Way,  
 To Trott and Peace, and feed on Grass and Hay,  
 Whilst they drink *Chocolet*, *Coffee* and their *Tea*.  
 Whiskers too, they think will them become,  
 And March in Order, at the beat of Drum,  
 Against their Master, Man they will Rebel,  
 With Sword and Pistol, Fight like Tygers fell,  
 We must then strip this *Hermaphrodites* Row,  
 And leave them as Naked as poor *Aesop's* Crow,  
 And make them Submitt ——— But their Flesh and Bone,  
 And all they have, is surely Sirs our Own.  
 Therefore we should now give them what they please,  
 To please our Fancy's, they Assume our ways,  
 All the Care and Labour, they still take,  
 We know for Certain, all is for our sake,  
 They often fought to save the Husbands Life,  
 The Virgin fair, the Widdow and the Wife,  
 Should like our Diamonds, be Bound in Gold,  
 Respect them as *Heathens*, their Gods of Old,  
 Let them Wear what they please, we'll sing their Praise  
 Advance their Fortune, and their Belly's Raise. FINIS.